

joy of service," that there is nothing that helps a man so much as trying to be of service to some one else and I consider that a man or woman, girl or boy is very fortunate indeed, first, if they have been raised in a Christian home, second, if they get into a church and go to work, because if a church means anything it means an opportunity for service.

In 1871 I went on the road selling dry goods, and I was on the road selling dry goods and shoes more or less of the time for fifteen years. If any man who has been away from home on commission (that means if he did not sell anything he did not make anything), out amongst strangers, he knows something of the difficulties men have on making a new territory for the first time. I remember in those days it was more of a common thing to treat men to beer or whisky than it is today, but in 1873 I got into a temperance meeting at Appleton, Wis., a meeting organized by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and I signed the pledge, and you know the women (God bless them) put cider in their pledge and I have not drank a glass of cider since 1873 and have drank no other intoxicating liquor except root beer, if that is considered intoxicating, which I believe it is not.

I remember being in Milwaukee on Thanksgiving day, 1873. I tried to play "Home, Sweet Home" on a broken-down piano in the hotel. I went out and looked at the lake, and the moon, and I said to myself "there are two friends, anyway." Went to Fond du Lac and got "skunked," as the boys say, did not sell anything, got on to a mixed train, freight and passenger, going to Oshkosh, and read the good-night chapter of "Arthur Bonnicastle," by J. G. Holland.

As I remember, that good-night chapter starts out something like this: "Life is so grand, so beautiful, so full of opportunities of action, etc." Well, that good-night chapter braced me up. I went into Oshkosh

and sold five bills of goods, and when Hollard lectured in Plymouth church in Chicago in later years I went up to him and told him what good his book had done me.

I remember in 1874 I was in Des Moines, Ia., discouraged; went into the Aborn house and read my testament which I carried with me, got on my knees and asked God to help me, and I got up from my knees ready for anything, and so I can say to any discouraged ones, read good literature, think good thoughts, read the bible, pray. You know the greatest power in the world is the power of love, and the greatest war in the world is the war with ourselves, but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I want to say another thing to the young man and the young woman especially, thank God for the tough, hard things, thank God even for the sorrows of life, they bring us nearer to the Master, "nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee, e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me."—Arthur Burrage Farwell.

EMOTIONAL EFFECT



Gladys—My husband raves over my clothes.

Maybee—So does mine. Isn't it terrible the language men use!